

## News of Soldiers and Sailors

### Were There No Brave Men Among Privates?

Secretary of War Baker, in awarding distinguished service medals—the highest war decoration—found 554 officers and 33 civilians worthy of them. But only one private was thus honored.

This atrocious treatment of the boys who fought in the filth of the trenches in France is one of the most despicable, rank-trucking, time-serving acts ever perpetrated by an administration officer. It has won merited and scathing condemnation from the press of the entire country. Representative Gallivan, democrat, in a public letter, declares that only one enlisted man, "apparently by error," had been awarded a distinguished service medal, while 554 officers and 33 civilians had been given this decoration. He quotes figures as to awards "to anticipate or befuddle the distinguished secretary of war" in preparing the report called for under the Gallivan motion, adopted by the house.

"Let it not be forgotten," the statement says, "that the act creating the distinguished service medal abolished the certificate of merit, the oldest decoration of the American army, which was for enlisted men only."

"I don't care to comment upon the figures which I append. It certainly is illuminating and it is proof conclusive that the medal has been restricted to a much narrower field than I announced in my remarks in congress."

The figures quoted showed the following distribution of D. S. M.s: Generals, 3; lieutenant generals, 2; major generals, 69; brigadier generals, 12; colonels, 265; lieutenant colonels, 78; majors, 16; captains, 2; lieutenants, 3; chaplains, 43; sergeants, 1; corporals, 1; privates, 1; civilians, male, 25; civilians, female, 8.

"How carefully our allies awarded this same distinguished decoration," the statement said, "can be noted from the following figures which show the awards of the D. S. M. by countries:

"American (including seven to foreigners), 595; French, 144; British, 79; Italian, 22; Belgian, 19; Japanese, 4; Rumanian, 1."

### Boys and Folks

#### All Want Bonus.

Does the returned doughboy want a cash bonus?

Does he prefer it to a loan or a chance to get government land?

What will he do with the money, if he gets it?

Robert T. Marmion, who has traveled with Sgt. York through the middle west and south and has spoken in a hundred cities explaining the various bonus bills before congress, reports that returned soldiers everywhere favor a cash bonus, feel they deserve it, need it, and are willing to sign petitions, write to congressmen, or vote at the polls in order to get it. "The home folks feel the same way about the matter, too," he said. "Our tour shows that the people everywhere favor giving either a year's pay or \$1.00 a day for every day in the service."

"Mr. Doughboy doesn't want to go west and live on the prairie. He doesn't want to drain a swamp. He doesn't want to cut down a forest and then have the chance to buy the stump land on easy payments. He doesn't know how to farm, perhaps,

or he's content to remain in his home community with his relatives and friends. He's doing useful work there, and is a happy, useful citizen."

"But he does see that he is a year or two behind the others, and he does want the chance to get back where he was before the war—with a little something ahead, with a beginning of a bank account, a nest egg for a rainy day. He says some more back pay is due him, and is anxious to know what congress is doing about the matter."

Marmion, formerly a sergeant with the ambulance service in France, doesn't think the former service man will "hoard" the money, or "throw it away."

He says "the boys don't consider a bonus as charity, they consider it additional pay for services rendered," and point out that war workers received a bonus for their work in Washington, in addition to good pay on the job.

Claude S. Stangle, Marmion's associate and campaign manager, urges serious consideration of bonus legislation to avoid dissension and unrest in areas where men have not been working regularly.

### Infantry Going Up.

(The Argonne, 1918.)

Wet fields and sodden roads,  
Beneath a leaden sky,  
And through the sheeted rain,  
The fleeting swallows fly.

Gaunt skeletons of trees,  
Against the gathering night,  
Their limbs grotesque and harsh,  
In dusk's half-shadowed light.

A shattered cottage wall,  
Stark, lonely, desolate,  
Grim memorial of the Hun,  
Terse proof of Prussian hate.

Sad mounds of dull brown earth.  
In each shell ruptured field,  
And crosses, hewn of wood,  
In lieu of warrior's shield.

The road a-swarm with men,  
Foot sore and body tired,  
Their thoughts long miles ahead,  
Where deeds and death are sired.

And as the ranks plod on,  
To meet and best the Huns,  
There comes, deep fraught with awe,  
A rolling chant—the guns!

—NORMAN SHANNON HALL.

### Talk Yank.

John—"How far is it to camp?"

Ol' Timer—"About five miles as the crow flies."

John—"Well, how far is it if the danged crow has to walk and carry a rifle and full pack?"

### C'est La Guerre.

Buck—"Je l'adore."

The Girl—"Shut it yourself."

### Heard at Bar-Le-Duc.

"How is the world treating you?"

"Not very often."

### The Patriot Air.

She—"What did you most admire in France?"

He—"The peasants singing the 'Mayonnaise.'"

### Mounted.

Equitation Instructor—"What do you do at a ford?"

Pvt. Ima Sympe—"Crank it, sir."

### Cleaned Every Day.

"I hope you kept clean while a soldier in France," said the old minister.

"Sure," was the reply. "I'm a crap shooter."—Pacific Legion.

### He Also Served.

When asked to sum up his army career a certain negro of a famed labor battalion said:

"Well, boss, all I did on dis side was sign up and ship, and all I did on de udder side was stand up and shovel."

### A Personal Part.

A certain young actress had a small part in a "war" drama—a very small part, and she was not satisfied. So one morning, after rehearsal, she set out to interview the boss.

"I have only one line in the first act," she pouted, "and but one in the second. Couldn't you give me a line in the third act also?"

The actor-manager thought for a moment.

"Well, yes," he replied. "When the bombardment scene is on, and the hero is crouching in his dugout, you may enter and say, 'Here is a dud!'"

"Oh, thanks!" she exclaimed. "And do I bring an unexploded shell on the stage with me?"

"No," answered the actor-manager. "It's not a speech, my dear; it's a confession."

### Sweet Revenge.

"Say," said the girl to her, "do you know what I'm going to do after I get out of the navy?"

"No," she replied sweetly. "What?"

"I'm going to study law and go to the senate."

"What for?"

"So I can get on the senate naval committee and make some officers I know sit up and take notice."

### "A Good Boy."

A discharged Yank, looking through his effects in the attic for something useful, found the following sixth-grade essay, which, no doubt, shows his first reaction against the Sunday school story:

Messenger boy, No. 1248, was walking by J. P. Morgan's office. When upon looking on the St. he saw an envelope with Mr. Morgan's name on it. He picked it up, and ran into Mr. Morgan's office. He handed the envelope to Morgan's cashier. The envelope was opened. It contained \$7,000. The cashier said, "You noble boy, you shall be rewarded." He then took the boy's No. The next day the boy received an envelope containing \$2.00. In it was a note from the cashier. Which read like this: "Messenger No. 1248, enclosed find two dollars for your honesty. Cashier, Morgan & Co." The boy sent the money back with a note like this: "Cashier Morgan & Co. Enclosed find two dollars. You can't hand me a lemon if I know it. Give this money to Morgan to get a shave with. I would not rob a poor man like Morgan."

### The Heroic Dead.

'Tis 10 below; the wind blows hard,  
A chill and wintry breeze.  
No woollen cloth my legs doth guard,  
For I wear B. V. D's.

"Ha, ha," laughed I, "long sleeves for me."

When? Never if you please,  
I pin my faith (and shirt) you see  
Upon my B. V. D's."

Twenty below, a painful squeak  
Comes from behind my knees.  
Ah well, I tried to be a freak,  
Ungrateful B. V. D's.

Now sick in bed, and almost dead,  
A little grave beneath the trees  
Is dug, and there the tombstone said,  
"He trusted B. V. D's."

"Beware them, son, and wear them not  
When Mercury doth freeze.  
This young man's life has gone to put  
From fateful use of B. V. D's."

### Demonstration.

O. D.—"Sentry, why did you let me come so close to you without challenging? What would you have done if I had sneaked up behind you and hit you on the head? Answer me!"

Sentry (putting her back to "safe")—"I could tell you better if you'd kept on comin', sir."

### Speculation.

"If we only had all those marks we had a year ago last July when we captured the German paymaster at Soissons!" sighs Buck.

### Personal Item.

The ambulances of an American motor ambulance train in Italy were named for famous American literary men, whose names were painted on the sides.

The train came into a town one night and the drivers went to a little hotel and were asked to register.

Each driver registered the name of his ambulance.

The next issue of the local paper carried an item something like this:

"A party of Americans, including Henry W. Longfellow, Ralph Waldo Emerson, John C. Whitier and Henry D. Thoreau were visitors in our city this week."

### Cooties Survive Delousing

Plant Chipper Than Ever.

MIFFINTOWN, PA.—None the worse for their long fast, and just as active as ever, three full grown and very pugnacious looking cooties last week danced across the page of an old letter which Wallace Mingle, of Fernanagh township, received in France.

Mingle, who has been discharged for several weeks, believed at first that he must be mistaken. He had carried the letters with him since receiving them, prior to the armistice.

He remembered very distinctly having made the acquaintance of some that looked much the same as those that showed up in the letter, but since that time he has passed through some half dozen delousing plants.

### DEMPSEY; THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY

Jack Dempsey, heavyweight champion of the world, is now reaping the full reward for his action in evading active military service by going to work in the shipyards. Recently The Sun printed the news that two American Legion posts had formally branded him as a slacker. Other posts throughout the country are hastening to take similar action, among the latest being Ft. Wayne, Ind., and Cleveland, Ohio.

Now, to cap the climax, John S. Smith, president of the New Jersey Athletic association, says Dempsey can't fight Carpentier, the French champion, in that state. It had been announced that the coming fight was to be held in New Jersey. Smith says:

"Jack Dempsey, prize fighter, is not good enough for the state of New Jersey."

"The state commission," he continued, "supported the action of various posts of the American Legion in branding the champion as a 'slacker.'"

Mr. Smith compared "the war record" of Dempsey, who, he said, acted as a labor scout for a shipyard, with that of Georges Carpentier, the French champion, who risked his life in battle and won the highest possible honors.

"All red-blooded Americans should blush with shame when Dempsey's war record is mentioned," he concluded.

### NOT WARM ENOUGH TO IGNITE

"What have you there?" asked a curious friend.

"A package of old love letters," replied the host.

"Going to burn them?"

"Yes. When I wrote these missives, they were so fervent I had an idea they might be ignited by spontaneous combustion, but I think I'll have to use a match, after all."

### FREE MEDICAL ADVICE BY THE GOVERNMENT

The U. S. public health service advises:

Walk a mile each day to keep the doctor away. Try walking to work every morning and see if it doesn't make you younger and healthier.

Cattle are fattened for slaughter by being overfed and not allowed to exercise. Many men and women prepare themselves for slaughter by voluntarily adopting the "stall fed life". Don't overeat, and take plenty of healthful, outdoor exercise.

Hot house people are like hot house plants. They can't stand exposure to severe weather. Sleep with the windows open and keep every room well ventilated.

This is the scarlet fever season. A clean, sanitary mouth will help to prevent it. Compel the children to brush their teeth regularly and keep the mouth clean.

Beware bootleg liquor, for much of it contains wood alcohol and other poisons. An ordinary swallow of wood alcohol may produce death or blindness. Don't risk it.

Every sore throat is a danger signal, and may indicate some acute, infectious disease, such as diphtheria or scarlet fever. Take no chances. Have a physician make an immediate examination. A few hours' delay may cause death.

Rats cost every person in the United States one-half of one cent a day. Write to the surgeon general, Rupert Blue, Washington, D. C., for a bulletin on how to get rid of them.

Give your physician a chance to keep you well before you call him in to cure you. An occasional thorough examination by a competent physician will save you money and prolong your life.

Don't always call the aching joint "rheumatism." Bad teeth are sometimes the real cause and it is always wise to consult both the doctor and the dentist. Have an X-ray made of the teeth.

Beware the much advertised "sure cure" for disease. While experimenting, the disease often gets beyond the point where it can be cured by a competent physician.

"Watch your step" is a fine slogan to be observed in buying shoes. Get them large enough, built on sensible lines and most of your corns and bunions will disappear.

Walking "Indian fashion," that is, with the feet pointed straight to the front, instead of at the customary angle, has been found to be good for weak arches.

### SMILES FOR THE BOYS WHO WERE THERE

Three things make a lot of noise in this world: An empty wagon, an empty head, and a new corporal.

### The Boy Is Good.

Just discharged, he stood before his wife, fingering the big \$60 bonus.

"Which would you rather have, sweet," he asked, "an old \$5 bill, or a new one?"

"A new one."

"Fine," said the brute, "that saves me \$4."

Whereupon he handed her a case note.

With winter hard upon him, the discharged soldier considers his finances—and his \$60 bonus—and doesn't know whether to get married or buy two extra blankets.

### A Pastoral.

The French maid pensively milked the goat.

And putting, she paused to mutter, "I wish, you brute, you would turn to cheese!"

But the animal turned to butt'er.

### The Doughless Doughboy.

I never won rank in the army

But that never mattered a rap.

I never was there with the blarney;

But, boy, I was there at crap!

Now I sigh for the savings that might have been;

I oughta have cash in the bank;

And, boy, I'd be heavily loaded with tin

If it weren't for a girl—and vin blanc.

So now, I'm back home, broke as ever,

And singing my song in rhyme.

But, I'll bet, old thing, that you never

Had quite such a wonderful time.

—V. C. O.

### SAYS WAR DROVE INDIAN BACK TO HIS OLD FAITH

COUNCIL BLUFFS, IA.—The war has been responsible, to some degree, for sending the Indian back to his primitive state.

Such is the declaration of Capt. Kicking Steer, Indian cavalry veteran of the world war, whose home is in the Crow Agency in the Little Big Horn Valley of Wyoming, who stopped off here to visit friends while he was on his way to his home reservation.

"Regardless of everything the government does to educate the red men by sending them to school, the Indian is going back to his primitive state," Capt. Steer said.

"I know a large number of cases where some of our best Indian army officers, educated in eastern universities, have returned from the service and are now lying around agencies, living off the government, wearing old clothes and blankets, and wallowing in filth. It is a condition I cannot explain."

Andrew Carnegie was once asked which he considered to be the most important factor in industry—labor, capital or brains. The canny Scot replied, with a merry twinkle in his eye: "Which is the most important leg of a three-legged stool?"

### FREE TREATMENT OFFERED "VETS"

Any ex-service man who needs medical or surgical treatment because of illness or injury contracted in the army or navy can hereafter enter an army hospital, public health service hospital or local civilian institution or sanitarium, and have all his expenses paid by the government.

Lieut. Col. Mathew C. Smith, of the general staff, and head of the bureau, has issued a bulletin which says:

"Any discharged service man who is in need of medical treatment and feels that his illness is due to wounds or other disabilities received or aggravated while in service, should at once see the nearest army hospital or local representative of the United States public health service. Addresses may be ascertained from the postmaster."

"If discharge or other papers showing that the disability was existing at the time of separation from service are available, they should be taken along. However, if those papers are not available the man should not hesitate to apply. Such an applicant will be immediately placed under treatment pending the receipt of the necessary papers."

"If there is no representative of the health service in the ex-soldier's home town and no army hospital at hand, and it is possible for him to travel, such traveling expenses, hospital expenses and wages lost while undergoing examination will be paid by the government."

"On the other hand, if the physical condition of the man makes it impossible for him to travel, he will be examined and treated at his home. If it is found a change of climate will be beneficial, patients will be sent to specially designated hospitals."

### J. BULL, SECOND HAND MAN

What'll you have? Some 10-penny nails, a few tons of sulphur, or maybe a steam shovel or a nice spiral staircase? Whatever it is, John Bull, who has opened a second hand store just across the way from Newfoundland, can supply your wants. John already is doing a flourishing business. Since November 10, 1918, when his cut-throat competitor, Heinie, went out of business, his sales have totalled something over 635 million dollars.

England is disposing of many of that great variety of articles which proved necessary to the maintenance of its armies in France. There are handcars, sewing machines, prismatic compasses, barometers, wooden wheels, barrels, kegs, home and office furniture, brooms, brushes, belting, crowbars, pickaxes, ropes, scrapers, shovels, tools, wheel-barrow, wire netting and thousands of other things for which the government at peace has no need.

King Albert of the Belgians was among the customers. He bought more than \$5,000 worth of office furniture in which swivel chair heroes fought the battles of the S. O. S. at home. Charitable institutions and hotels have been among the heavy purchasers of furniture, and one-time German liners, now under British registry, are being furnished with desks, tables and chairs from English detention camps.

### FIFTY-FIFTY ECONOMIZING

"Oh, yes, it's all nicely arranged. Jack has found it practically impossible to live on his income and he needs me to economize for him."

"But, my dear, you have found it practically impossible to dress yourself on your allowance," said her chum.

"True," she admitted, "and so I need him to economize for me. It's a splendid arrangement, don't you think?"

### HERE'S WHAT YOU GET FOR YOUR WOUNDS

**Temporary Total Disability.**  
With neither wife nor child, \$80.  
With wife but no child, \$90.  
With wife and one child, \$95.  
With wife and two children, \$100.  
With wife and three or more children, \$105.

With no wife but one child, \$90.  
With no wife but two children, \$95.  
With no wife but three children, \$100.

With no wife but four children, \$105.  
Extra allowance for dependent mother or dependent father or both, \$10 each.

Under the new law there is an allowance to a man temporarily totally disabled, and with no wife living, of \$5 additional for each child (in excess of one), without limit as to number.

**Total and permanent disability, \$100**  
If the disabled person is so helpless as to be in constant need of a nurse or attendant, \$20 additional.

Loss of both feet or both hands or the sight of both eyes, or for becoming helpless and permanently bedridden, \$100.

Loss of one foot and one hand, or one foot and the sight of one eye, or one hand and the sight of one eye, \$100.

For double, total, permanent disability, \$200.—Stars and Stripes.

### MODERN MISCREANTS

"You don't even wait for night to ply your nefarious trade?"

"No," answered the metropolitan bandit; "we believe in daylight saving, we do."

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